THE

MONTHLY JOURNAL.

VOL. I.] BOSTON, AUGUST, 1860. [No. 8.

WESTERN TOUR.

HAVING just returned from a tour in which we visited and preached in Cincinnati and Pittsburg, and attended the Commencements at Antioch and Meadville, we wish to give the readers of the "Monthly Journal" a brief account of a few of our observations and reflections.

Our annual May meetings were over. Mr. Calthrop was ordained at Marblehead. Gangooly had bidden us farewell; and we, who had learned to love him well, had also bidden him God-speed. Men of the most opposite tendencies had joined in an affectionate leave-taking of this young man; of whom we venture to say, that no one has seen him intimately without becoming attached to him. His simplicity, purity of purpose, and earnest convictions, have made him dear to many hearts.

All this being over, and a few farewell words for Theodore Parker having been spoken, we took our carpet-bag in our hand, and departed for Cincinnati.

I wish (if I may change the editorial "we" for the simpler

"I") I could magnetize all the readers of the "Monthly" with the electric life of the great West. While the influence is yet strong within me, I would communicate something of the strange power which comes to us from that surging, rushing flood of human activity. By it we are lifted above all mere forms and conventional barriers. We communicate more freely, soul with soul. The weight of years and of cares falls from us as we descend the Alleghanies.

Especially necessary is it for Bostonians to go out from their tri-mountain home, and steep their souls in another life; for Boston is a sort of an island in the United States, and Bostonians have insular tendencies. They are insulated by their own self-satisfaction. They live a strong and pure, but narrow and somewhat barren life. All things are arranged, and very well arranged, here. There is little left to be done; and what there is we are shy of doing.

It is surprising to see how we resemble our English cousins in our strength and our weakness. Just as the English can never refer to any thing in America without blundering, so we cannot speak of the geography or politics or religion of the West or South without absurd mistakes. Just as they talk of "the Governor of New England," or of "the President of Massachusetts," or of the "Congress at New York," so Bostonians inevitably confound St. Louis and Louisville, think that Cincinnati and Pittsburg have thirty or forty thousand inhabitants, and imagine the people of Ohio, Illinois, and Wisconsin, to be in a semibarbarous condition.

And the Unitarian churches in Boston are like forts and citadels in an island. They are islands within islands. Boston Unitarians are Bostonians of the Bostonians. They see no reason for diffusing their faith. They treat

it as a luxury to be kept for themselves, as they keep Boston Common. The Boston churches, with the exception of a few noble and generous examples, have not done a great deal for Unitarian missions. I have heard it said that they do not wish to make Unitarianism too common. The church in Brattle Square contains wealthy and generous persons, who have given largely to humane objects and to all public purposes; but we believe, that, even while their pastor was President of the Unitarian Association, they never gave a dollar to that Association for its missionary objects. The society in King's Chapel was the first in the United States which professed Unitarianism. It is so wealthy, that it might give ten or twenty thousand dollars a year to missionary objects, without feeling it. It has always been very liberal to its ministers, to all philanthropic and benevolent objects, and its members have probably given away millions of dollars for public and social uses; but it never gives any thing to diffuse Unitarianism.

It is evident that the reason why the Boston Unitarians do not give for Unitarian missions is that they do not think them needed. They think that the people of the West, for instance, can do very well with the religion and the theology they now have. It would disabuse them, perhaps, of this idea, to travel through the West. They would then see in every large town how many are in doubt, and with no religious conviction or hope, because they have never heard of a simpler and more rational faith than that of the Orthodox churches. But this subject is treated in our Wisconsin letter, in the present number of the "Monthly;" and so we shall say no more about it now.

There is no way to get rid of our ignorance and narrowness but by going to see other parts of the country with our own eyes. All the Union-meetings ever held do not do

half as much to preserve the Union as a single railroad. Go and see. You cannot judge of the piece by the pattern. You must look with your own eyes at the marvellous life, ever flowing forward, of this bit of Anglo-Saxendom. You must feel its freedom, and be emancipated; catch the inspiration of its hope, bathe in the current of its intense vitality, and be cured of all your narrow prejudices. There is no other way. But, if we cannot go, then let those who can, bring back as much of the influence as possible, and tell what they feel while full of Western enthusiasm.

I went from Boston to New York and Cincinnati alone; and there is no place where one can be so entirely alone as in a railroad-car with sixty passengers. Being thus in a complete isolation for three days, I had leisure to compare this mode of travelling with that I formerly practised in the old-fashioned days of stage-coach travel. From 1833 to 1840, I used to travel some three thousand miles every year, mostly by steamboat and stage-coach. On the rivers and lakes, we went by steamboat; but we traversed Ohio, Kentucky, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and New York, by stage-coach. For six or seven days together, I have ridden in a stage-coach with the same party of travellers. I often crossed the Alleghanies in Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia, in the old and slow stage-coach; sometimes walking for hours in advance of the carriage; sometimes crossing the summits at midnight, when they were covered with ice and snow; sometimes, in the early dawn of a summer morning, looking abroad, from a high mountain water-shed, over a vast wilderness of forest, here and there spotted with little green farm-openings, and through which the white road wandered on to the far horizon. Or sometimes we would, at the same hour, see the morning star hanging like a lamp above us in the

clear, deep sky; while, below, the whole valley would be full of white mist, lying like a vast lake, through whose surface the hilltops came up as islands. Once I recollect, in winter, crossing Laurel Mountain, in Pennsylvania, in the night-time. I walked on, with a companion, far before the stage. Passing a log-cabin, we saw the firelight through the open chinks between the logs, and went in. There was but one room. The people were abed in one corner; the great smouldering logs of hickory or sugar-tree smouldering and blazing up in the great chimney. We sat down to warm ourselves at the fire, and talked with our unseen host, who lay in bed, and talked with us, asking the news of his unexpected guests.

And, oh, what long, muddy roads; what slow and heavy motion of the stage; what tiresome drags through long, dark forests, diversified by an occasional overturn in the gullied road, — consumed the weary hours! What singular combinations of travellers! — merchants going East to buy goods; Methodist ministers going to their station; gamblers from Texas; river-pilots; drovers returning home after selling their cattle; Atheists, Presbyterians, shoulder-hitters, and Roman-Catholic priests; women going to look for runaway husbands; men with bowie-knives sticking out of their jackets, or with Bibles thrust into their pockets. But, wild and heterogeneous as the party often was, they usually became interested in each other after a day or two; and it was strange how sorry we were to part even with our whiskey-drinking and blaspheming companions. But those days have "gone under." Never will our children know their mingled joys and pains and curious adventures. Wordsworth inquired concerning railways, "What *in soul* they were;" but whether he discovered their secret law and purpose does not appear. The Frenchman calls them "a good way of *arriving;*" and so they are. The scho-

lastics disputed concerning this question: "Whether, when angels have occasion to go from one place to another, they are obliged to go through the intermediate spaces." However it may be with angels, it is certainly true concerning railway travellers, that they are not in any intermediate places while going from Dan to Beersheba. They alight, like birds, at one point; then at another: all between goes for nothing.

> "All beside was empty waste;
> All was picture as they passed."

Thus, leaving Boston, I alighted at New York, then at Cleveland, then at Cincinnati, then at Antioch College, then at Pittsburg, and lastly at Meadville.

CINCINNATI.

I first saw Cincinnati in August, 1833, — twenty-seven years ago. I was a young man, fresh from the Divinity School, and *very* fresh. I was received and welcomed in that beautiful city by a group of Unitarian friends; forming, as I then thought, and still think, one of the most charming social circles in the country. In this delightful society, the high culture of New England was made more interesting by the activity and freedom belonging to the West. No chill reserves, no stiff constraints, no glacial timidities, checked the warm flow of friendly intercourse. All felt happy and at home in this circle.

But now, in 1860, I find all changed. An unhappy church-quarrel has helped to break up the society. The church is parted. There are two parties, usually known as the friends and opponents of Mr. Conway. A lawsuit has greatly imbittered the quarrel, and complicated the case almost beyond the possibility of reconciliation. This most unhappy lawsuit has given another proof of the wisdom of

Paul the apostle in recommending Christians to settle all disputes by arbitration, and not to go to law. It did not seem necessary to have a lawsuit. The society was about equally divided between the friends of Mr. Conway and those who were opposed to him. Both parties were sincere and conscientious in their convictions. They ought to have separated, and formed two churches ; and it was only just and right that the property should be divided. Mr. Conway's friends proposed this: the other party accepted it. Afterward, one of Mr. Conway's party obtained an injunction to prevent the sale. The question then was tried, and the court decided that it was just to sell the property. Mr. Conway's friends appealed to a higher court ; and there the matter stands.

It seemed to me, after listening to the dear friends of mine in Cincinnati who are on both sides of this dispute, that these things are plain:—

1. The opponents of Mr. Conway were fully justified, from their own point of view, in seceding from him, and forming a new church.

2. It was to the advantage of Liberal Christianity in Cincinnati that there should be two churches, and not one.

3. The church-edifice should have been sold, and the proceeds divided between the two parties, to be used for the support of public worship and the erection of two new Unitarian church-edifices, and for no other purpose.

4. Mr. Conway and his friends should have discouraged Mr. Wiswall from getting an injunction, and should have refused their assent to that proceeding.

5. If the lawsuit could not be prevented otherwise, the party opposed to Mr. Conway should have refused to contest the case, and have left to their opponents the responsibility of dividing the property, or refusing to divide it.

6. Let Mr. Conway and his friends keep the property, if

they wish to. Let the Church of the Redeemer go into a hall, and worship there, paying their own expenses. This is one of the cases in which it is a duty not to resist evil, but to suffer wrong patiently.

Such was my advice to the members of the Church of the Redeemer. If Mr. Conway or his friends wish to keep the property, let them do so; but it seems to me impossible that such men as I know many of them to be, and for such a man as I know Mr. Conway to be, with so much that is noble and just and honorable, should be willing to keep possession of the property under these circumstances. The case is too plain. The moment that opposition ceases and lawsuits are at an end, the just and honorable feelings of Mr. Conway and his friends *must* compel them to insist on a division of the property.

And then, when justice is done, and the two societies, independent of each other, are both engaged in their work, I cannot but think that there will be a better prospect than there has ever yet been for Liberal Christianity in Cincinnati; for there has always been something wanting there. There has never been any active church life or growth in the Unitarian society in Cincinnati. There has been culture, and a great many delightful qualities of mind, heart, character, taste, and manners, among the Cincinnati Unitarians; but they have somehow failed in extending their body, or exercising any missionary influence outside of themselves. During twenty-five years, they have scarcely increased at all.

I may be mistaken as to the cause of this inactivity; but, to me, it seems to have been occasioned by a radical error in their original plan. The church seems to have been established for its own sake, not for the sake of others. It was not gathered with the purpose of doing good; of spreading a more pure, generous, and noble Christianity; but in

order that some New-England Unitarians might enjoy in Cincinnati the form of Christianity to which they were accustomed at home. As they had so many other luxuries and comforts, why not have this luxury also, — a church and preacher of their own faith, and suited to their own needs ?

The motive was surely not wrong; yet it was inadequate, and, by itself, led to precisely the lethargic and stationary Christianity which we have spoken of. It tended to a passive state of religion. They went to church to hear the preaching which suited them, and to engage in the services which pleased them. To other sects they would say, " Let *us* alone, and we will let *you* alone." Their strength was to sit still. Under these circumstances, how could there be any growth?

For a Christian church does not exist for its own sake merely. It exists to do good, and to teach truth to the world. It is a light, not to be put under the bushel of church ceremonies, but upon the candlestick of missionary activity.

Now, however much the Church of the Redeemer may complain of Mr. Conway (and justly, as we think, in regard to some of his views), they cannot deny that he has done more to interest and attract outsiders than has before been accomplished at any one time during the whole twenty-five years of the Unitarian body. He considers himself as having a mission to the world, and does not confine himself to the church. He calls in the common people; he talks to the multitude. He is in fact, in his way, a missionary bishop to the whole city.

On the other hand, the Church of the Redeemer seems also moved with a sense of what it owes to truth and to mankind. It feels called on to *testify* against some errors and for some truths. It seems inspired with a new life.

It finds itself in relations to other sympathizing bodies. It is not as isolated as formerly. Perhaps the two churches are entering on a new career of activity and usefulness.

Let them cease from all contention with each other; let each go its own way; let them try to do all the good they can; and it may be that this unfortunate strife may finally have the happiest results for them both.

In our next "Journal," we will say something of our visit to Antioch, Pittsburg, and Meadville.

J. F. C.

"HE HEALETH THE BROKEN IN HEART."

THE burdens and blows come heavy, come fast:
To bear till we break is our human art;
But the breaking proves merciful blessing at last,
So loving He healeth the broken in heart.

All cross and no crown is given to-day,
The nail and the thorn and the Crucified's part;
But life in this death God giveth alway,
So tender He healeth the broken in heart.

Hearts laden with agony cry unto God,
So deep is our wound, so bitter the smart;
But sweet be our grief, and light be the load,
So gentle He healeth the broken in heart.

The great human sorrow leaves gladness no place,
And our yearnings for good unsatisfied start;
But the fulness of God comes in infinite grace,
So loving He healeth the broken in heart.

E. C. T.

JUNE 22, 1860.

ATTACKS ON GANGOOLY.

New York, July 10, 1860.

To the Secretary of the A. U. A.

Dear Sir, — I was very much surprised to read in the "Chicago Tribune" the following remarks concerning Mr. Gangooly, from its "Boston correspondent:" —

"The ship 'R. B. Forbes' has recently sailed for Calcutta, taking out Rev. M. Bronson and wife, Rev. William Ward and wife, missionaries to the Heathen. These are Baptist missionaries, I think. In connection with this mention of Calcutta, let me say that there is not a particle of truth in the oft-repeated tale of Moon-of-the-world Gangooly, that he gave up rank and every thing to become a Christian. This Hindoo, who prefers the profane name of a Heathen deity to his baptismal name, inherited the caste of a Brahmin, and that only. He was a poor boy, living in a hovel, sitting in the dirt, and eating his rice with the meanest, when the missionary got hold of him. He has the keen intellect of his race; but this did not elevate him from the poorest condition of a poor Hindoo. He owes every thing to the change of faith which he *secretly* professed; for he has never consented to have his baptism made public in India. As for his story about the prejudice of Brahmins against foreigners, and the demand for a Brahmin establishment, apart from the American missionary who sent him to this country, this is quite as untrue. There are in Calcutta many learned and distinguished Brahmins, who visit the rooms of the missionary to converse and to read his books. One of these was a correspondent of the late Theodore Parker. The fact is, that Gangooly is so extremely ignorant of his own country, that he is led away by his own fancies, not knowing whither he goes. It would not be more foolish to pick up a news-boy in Chicago, and send him to India to lecture on America, than it is to let Gangooly attempt to tell what is, or ought to be, or be done, in India. "Doctor."

This is the second attack of a similar kind which this same correspondent has made upon the character of Mr. Gangooly. As I have always felt a *special* interest in this young man, and have been profoundly moved by the *apparent* childlikeness of his mind and heart and the simple directness of his thoughts, I am curious to know somewhat concerning this correspondence.

If it comes from an Orthodox writer, who is jealous of the credit which the Unitarians have received through Mr. Gangooly, it explains itself.

If it comes from some one within our own ranks, who feels that he does not receive attention enough, while Mr. Gangooly has received too much, then it needs no explanation, and I am led to look for some such motive in the writer, by the extremely severe and malicious spirit which his words betray. No Christian man would use such language toward a human being, even though he were fallen as low as he thinks this young man has fallen. In his second letter, from which the above is taken, he goes entirely out of his way to bring in the subject where it has no connection, as if on purpose to gratify his revenge.

But, if there is any foundation for the charges which he makes, the fact should be made public; for let me say, that everybody who heard Mr. Gangooly speak during his Western tour was deeply impressed by his sincere and earnest zeal for the truth of Christ. Such was the universal testimony, even from the Orthodox people who crowded to hear him. They were never shocked nor offended by his fearless attacks upon their most cherished dogmas, because they said, "He is so sincere and innocent in his manner." And those families in which he staid for several weeks were even more deeply impressed by his childlike sincerity. Indeed, it was a perpetual surprise to me that he should pass through all the flattery and

attentions which were sometimes injudiciously heaped upon him, and yet remain so entirely untainted, so far as I could detect.

Those with whom he has resided longest, and who have therefore had the best means of knowing about him, bear testimony to the perfect truthfulness of this impression which he has left on others.

When he first came into our neighborhood, I was much prejudiced against him, as I am apt to be against one who seems to me to be so excessively praised; but, before he left us, I felt like joining heartily in all that had been said in his favor.

Have we all been mistaken or not? If so, whom shall we trust?

Yours kindly,

CHARITY.

REPLY TO THE ABOVE.

IN reply to our correspondent, the editor of the "Monthly" will say a few words. We were grieved by the articles in the Chicago paper, to which our correspondent has referred. They seemed to us to be the result of some extraordinary prejudice. It seemed wrong to attack a man behind his back, — to wait till he had left the country, and then to assail his character. The gravest charges were launched at him, unsupported by any evidence. Gangooly was declared to be "wholly untrained and unregenerate;" to have had "no strength of character;" to be "conceited;" to be "impertinent and godless;" to show "gross ingratitude;" &c., &c. Those who have had the care of him are attacked in the same reckless and unkind spirit. We are informed that we have

not given him any training; that we have allowed him to be spoiled; that we have indulged him in the most dangerous of pleasures; &c., &c.

We naturally ask, Who is this writer, who knows so much better than we do ourselves what we have done and what we ought to have done? What is his motive for sending this attack on a young convert from Heathenism, to be read by the people of Chicago and the West? What harm can Gangooly do there? If a sense of duty required these charges to be brought, it seems to us that they should have been made *here*, where Gangooly spent most of his time, and where he was known; and they should also have been brought *while he was here to answer them*, and not delayed till after his departure. And why a second attack, *apropos* of nothing, which seems like the extra twist given by an assassin to his dagger, after he has thrust it into his victim's body?

And by what specifications are these charges supported? How is it that Gangooly is shown to be "a failure"? The reasons given are mainly the following:—

1. Gangooly was baptized by the name PHILIP, but has preferred to call himself by his original Hindoo name of JOGUTH.

Will it be believed that this is the chief reason given for asserting that Gangooly is a hypocrite, pretending to be a Christian when he is not so? As if it were not the most natural thing in the world, that the old household word, heard in childhood and youth from his mother's lips, should seem sweeter and dearer, especially in a foreign land, than the new and strange one. Such a charge, based on *such* a reason, if it proves nothing else, proves at least the *animus* of the writer.

Or would not a charitable construction have been, that he might be acting according to his judgment of what was

best in not taking the new name at present? If Mr. Dall thought it proper to administer baptism in private, is there any additional impropriety in not publicly using the baptismal name? Mr. Dall and Joguth thought it best, on the whole, that the conversion should not be made public at that time. No great effort of charity is required, one would think, to believe that they may have had some good reason for it. At all events, they were on the spot, and able to judge, perhaps, a little better than we can, as to the best way. Only a strong and unaccountable prejudice could make so much of so little.

2. It is said that Gangooly has made no sacrifice in becoming a Christian, because he was poor and belonged to a poor family, and has received fifteen hundred dollars in America.

But is it no sacrifice to leave one's home and country and friends, and go one knows not where? Can there be no sacrifice except a *money* sacrifice? Is there no heart-sickness in changing one's faith, one's friends, one's country? He has had *money given* to him in this country by those who were interested in him. True; but did he *know* that it was to be given, when he came? Paul, by becoming a Christian, became a great apostle, and was surrounded by troops of friends and admirers; but, because such was the result, does it follow that Paul made no sacrifice in becoming a Christian?

Our Saviour assured his disciples, that, if they would renounce all for his sake, they would receive a hundred-fold more in the present life; specifying even "houses and lands" among the things they were to receive. Yet they are not accused of being converted for the sake of these things; nor is it denied that they made sacrifices. The Christian Church fulfilled the prediction afterward by contributing money, and bringing it and laying it at

their feet; but this is not made a reproach against them by believers. *They* also were poor men before their conversion, — perhaps "living in a hovel, and sitting in the dirt;" but we do not deny, on that account, that they left all when they followed Christ. We do not reproach them with their previous poverty. Other converts who have come among us have also been poor; but only a very base nature would think of using it against them as a reproach.

It is a cruel thing to suggest of a young man, who has at least *apparently* made such sacrifices for Christianity as Gangooly has, that he is a hypocrite and a money-seeker because he has interested people, and because they have shown him kindness. How could he have foreseen what was to be done for him in this country? How could he tell that he was to be a favorite? More charity would be better wisdom in judging such a case as this. An ignorant boy, as he is described by this writer to be, puts himself into the hands of the missionary who has converted him, and, at his request, leaves homes and friends, and goes to a foreign and distant land. Common justice would be apt to assume a good motive, and not a bad one, under these circumstances.

3. The writer for the "Press and Tribune," who speaks with equal dogmatism about the secret purposes of Gangooly and about the customs of the Hindoos, blames Gangooly for wishing to have an establishment of his own in India; but it is barely possible that Joguth, ignorant as he is said to be, may know as much of the habits of his countrymen as is known by his critic. Newspaper correspondents, we know, regard themselves as infallible; and affect to nod, and shake the spheres, on all occasions. Still we would venture to rely on the opinion of an acute and intelligent Hindoo, as all admit Gangooly to be, on a point like this, rather than on the opinion of our newspaper critic.

4. It is said that Gangooly has only read eleven books since coming to America; but to read eleven books *well* may be better than a superficial reading of fifty. It is possible that the writer of this attack, if he had gone to India, might have read in two years *more than eleven* Sanscrit works; but we do not know that it would have been any advantage to him to have done so. Perhaps his reading eleven books faithfully might have been sufficient.

So superficial are the grounds of these charges. To us they seem very slight indeed for so weighty an assault; and we call them so, though to their author they may seem very important. But he who makes these unprovoked attacks on his fellow-men, especially on the absent and defenceless, has no right to complain if the reply is equally frank and decided. We do not know the writer, though we have some reason to think that he is a personal friend. It is painful to think so, and to be obliged to reply in these strong terms. But, though Plato be dear, truth is dearer; and to defend the absent from unjust charges has always seemed to us the duty of a man who has any manliness in him.

We do not wish to hurt the feelings of this writer, or any one's feelings; but we cannot stand by in silence, when a young man, whom we have learned to love and esteem for his candor, and earnest desire to be a Christian, is coolly charged with hypocrisy and all baseness. He may turn out, at last, to be "a failure;" and so may any of us turn out to be failures. We have, perhaps, been imprudent and precipitate in sympathizing with him, accepting him, and placing confidence in him; but when one comes to us, either from Andover, Oxford, New Haven, or Calcutta, asking for Christian sympathy and kindness, we trust that we may always be imprudent enough to give it to him,

even though he may, by possibility, hereafter prove a "failure."

Those to whom Joguth was consigned by the missionary have done as well as they could by him; and, on the whole, have no reason to be dissatisfied with the result. He has been a faithful student, docile and obedient to his guardians and instructors. Those who have had the charge of him have all come to love him and believe in his sincerity. Those who have seen most of him think most highly of him. That he has faults, is probable. That some of the old Heathenism is still sticking in him, is likely. But it is not by such assaults as are contained in these letters that we can help the half-converted and half-regenerate into more of purity and of righteousness. A little more sympathy with the weak, erring, and sinful, would be more Christian and more wise.

J. F. C.

CREEDS.

It is sometimes thought that those who have no *creed* have no *belief*; but this is a mistake. There are three different meanings of a creed. A creed, simply speaking, is a belief. In this sense, every one has a creed; for every one has a belief. Every one, who has any fixed opinions on any subject whatsoever, has a creed, in this sense of the term; every one who has any opinions about *religion* has a religious creed; and every one who believes any thing at all about Jesus Christ has a Christian creed. Let it be understood, then, that no one objects, or ever did object, to a *creed*, understanding by that merely a set of opinions.

Nor does any one object to these opinions being ex-

pressed. On the contrary, if a man has opinions, he ought to express them in a proper time and a proper manner. Instead of finding fault with him for this, we ought to praise him and esteem him very highly for the love of truth which leads him to form distinct opinions, and for the honesty which leads him to avow them.

Moreover, if a man chooses to put his opinions into the form of articles or a confession of faith, there is still no harm done by that, any more than if he put them into the form of a sermon or an essay. It would be the merest pedantry to find fault with opinions for being expressed in one form or another.

Still farther, if a dozen men happen to agree to my statement of opinions, and think as I do, there is no harm in their saying so; and, if they choose to say so by signing their names at the bottom of it, I can see nothing objectionable in that proceeding.

Here, then, is one form and use of a creed, which is quite unobjectionable. It is a united expression of opinion.

But now suppose, that, having got our creed made, we should declare it a finality, and say that we would always believe it, and nothing else; that we had now made up our mind, and would never alter it. It is evident that this would be objectionable. Why? Because it would be saying either this, "I am infallible, and cannot be mistaken in what I now believe:" or else, "I may be mistaken; but I am determined never to correct any mistake that I may have committed."

But it is very certain that men are not infallible; very certain that all men do err; consequently, very probable that makers of creeds have erred. Consequently, to say that any human creed, because it is ancient and venerable and contains truth, must be held without cor-

rection or alteration, is equivalent to saying, "We prefer darkness to light; we prefer error to truth."

We object, therefore, first, to a creed considered as a *finality*.

But now suppose that this *creed*, having been thus made a finality, is, in the second place, made a *test of fellowship*. Suppose we say, "We will trust no one as a Christian brother who will not sign this creed of ours; but he shall be to us as a heathen." Then we reverse Christ's method and law of friendship. Christ unites together all who love *him*, and makes a household of faith a new family clustered around himself. I love Christ, and trust in him. I meet a stranger. I find that he also loves and trusts in Christ. Now, he is no longer a stranger; he is now a brother, a friend: and I know that I shall agree with him, and he will agree with me, in all important things. This is the fellowship of the Holy Spirit.

But suppose, instead of saying, "He who has faith in Christ will agree with me," I say, "He who agrees with me must have faith in Christ:" evidently I reverse the method. Instead of making faith in Christ the test of Christianity, I make my notions of Christianity the test of faith in Christ.

We object, therefore, to a creed as a test of Christianity, or condition of communion; and we object for the above reasons. As an expression of opinion, we do not object, and never have objected, to creeds; but they are not, and never have been, used chiefly as an expression of opinion. Their main purpose has been separation, — to separate the sheep from the goats; to define who shall be regarded and treated as Christians: and, in so doing, they are opposed to the truth and spirit of the gospel.

LETTER FROM WISCONSIN.

MILWAUKIE, June 26, 1860.

DEAR SECRETARY, — In closing up our year's work before the annual vacation, — quite as essential to a Western minister as to a schoolboy, — it occurs to me that a few facts and thoughts concerning our church and the interests of our cause in this State may not be uninteresting to the readers of the "Journal."

The Church of the Redeemer, in Milwaukie, was organized a little less than four years ago. Several attempts had been made previously to establish a Liberal church in this city; but, for various reasons, had not been successful.

In the summer of 1856, the Western Conference met at Chicago. A few of the old Unitarians from Milwaukie who were present, catching the inspiration of the occasion, and realizing anew how great was their loss in not having a church of their own faith, invited Dr. Eliot of St. Louis to return with them, and preach on the following sabbath. He did so; and the services were held in the parlors of one of our families. No previous notice had been given, and there were only seventy-five or eighty persons present. After the second service was ended, Dr. Eliot put the question, as it should always be put under similar circumstances: "Now, friends, what are *you willing to do* toward securing permanent preaching and a congenial church bond and influence to yourselves and families? It is to no purpose that you begin to look for a preacher until you are able to make some definite propositions to him. If you are really in earnest, and willing to do all in your power, I am ready to help you." He then drew up a subscription-paper,

and headed it with a donation of five hundred dollars. This was followed by three or four names giving a thousand dollars each, and several more five hundred; raising the sum to nearly six thousand dollars before the meeting broke up. Such was the beginning of our church.

On the last Sunday in the year of 1856, we met for the first time, as pastor and people, in an old theatre, with the thermometer ten degrees below zero outside, and but little above that inside. The place was then being used by an itinerant lecturer on geology, and was profusely hung with pictures of mammoth toads, snakes, alligators, saurians, megatheras, and "creeping things innumerable, both small and great beasts." If, in the ecstasies of his inspiration, the preacher turned his eyes upon the figures which stared at him from the walls, he readily imagined himself preaching to the spirits in the under world.

Two months later, our new church was completed and dedicated. It seated three hundred and twenty persons. In the summer of 1858, it was enlarged, so as to accommodate five hundred and twenty persons. Our morning congregations now average from three hundred and fifty to four hundred; sometimes many more, and sometimes less. In consequence of the hard times, which have hung like an awful fate over our new country, many of our best families — thirty-six in all — have left the city to seek their fortunes elsewhere. Had these all remained with us, our church would still be too small.

We are composed of various elements, which were never before brought together into any close relations. It will take time, and the kindly mediation of common memories, struggles, hopes, fears, to bring us all into a unity of spirit and a bond of peace. But we have never been so strong as we are at this moment, and never so well united; and we are looking forward to the work of another

year with great courage and hope. May God be with us!

Do not regard this statement as egotistical: it is the first and only public one I have ever made of our private affairs; and I already begin to regret it as one does the telling of family secrets. I have used it mainly to introduce myself to the "Journal," and hereafter will say what occurs to me without an introduction.

Wisconsin, in common with every other Western State, and perhaps more than any other, is palpitating with earnest Liberal thought. The position which she took so early, and has maintained so consistently, on the question of slavery, has fairly committed her to the side of progress.

Our faith will have a fair hearing before the tribunal of the people here. They have no prepossessions for or against it. To the masses it is wholly unknown, and by them will be considered on its own merits; for its mission here is not so much to those whose church relations are fixed, whether wisely or unwisely, as it is to the unchurched thousands, who, having no religion to give them rest or peace, are trying to satisfy their hungry souls with an unnatural worldly activity. Their intense love of novelties only shows how eager is their thirst, and how strong their hope that each new thing contains the real living water.

To me, this seems by far the most hopeful branch of our social tree; for these thinking, doubting, unresting masses show, by their perpetual seeking, their *faith* that something is to be found which can satisfy them; "for they that say such things declare plainly that they *seek* a country:" whereas, in the *churched* men and women, you more commonly find an entire "suspense of faith" and thought and aspiration, and a dead satisfaction with themselves as they are. The church caught them up, and suppressed their

development, before they had felt what it was to need faith. Such persons lend a listless ear to any teacher of any doctrine. But, in every little community of our State, there is a large congregation, ready to assemble, and listen patiently and attentively to any liberal man of thought; and if he can teach them, if he can understand their troubles, and bear patiently with their low views and rough ways and "queer notions," as Jesus bore with and encouraged Peter, they will give him their confidence and love, and gladly surrender themselves to his teaching and guidance. He must have a quick and ready sympathy, and rest firmly on his own centre; then he can lift these people up: and very little will he interfere with other churches.

As a general thing, he will find controversy entirely gratuitous. To state his positive faith will be all that he has time or demand for. The established churches are usually generous enough to admit that such work is doing no harm, may do some good.

Beside the doubting element, we have a liberal sprinkling of intelligent Unitarians and Universalists all over the State, who are ready to receive, and prepare for, the Liberal preacher. They will take him to their homes, — which are often elegant, — and do all they can to make his stay pleasant, and to induce him to come again. They will hire the hall for him to speak in, and pay for it, and bear all the expenses of his journey.

During the past year, I have preached in a large number of our inland towns, and have had many delightful experiences and formed many interesting friendships while on these preaching tours. Everywhere I have been received kindly, and listened to attentively, and urged to come again as soon as possible. But the pressing duties of my own parish have prevented me from doing half the work

which I should like to have done, and have had opportunities for doing.

I dwell upon these facts — which are the same in connection with the experience of every one of our preachers — because they seem to suggest an important thought concerning our best modes of doing missionary work in the West. There is no vanity in saying that no stranger can do one-half the amount of work in our State, in a given time, which I could do, although he may be a much abler man, and better preacher in every way. The same is true with Brother Collyer or Mumford or Forman, or almost any one of our *local* preachers. He soon gets to be known as the representative of our faith; and, on that account, becomes widely known outside of his immediate parish and neighborhood. His way is all prepared. He knows which road and which train or coach to take. He knows whose house he shall stop at, and what are the peculiarities of the people he is to address; and he is almost sure of a good audience.

Now, why can we not avail ourselves of all these facilities for the promotion of our cause? Why cannot you send us out some *good preacher* to go the rounds of the various churches, and pay his expenses, with the understanding that the local preacher shall go out into the country around him the while and do missionary work? It would greatly relieve us, and enable us at the same time to do a large amount of good for the Unitarian cause. It seems to me by far the best method of reaching the wants of the West for the present. What do you say to the proposition? N. A. S.

A BIRTHDAY POEM.

When God to earth a Washington has lent,
His birthday wakes the land to glad acclaim:
Bells clamor joy throughout a continent;
And cannon dart, in mirth, their tongues of flame.

To mighty masters other feasts belong;
And pupils, when their teachers' *fête* returns,
Announce the birth of science, art, and song,
In that of Schiller, Agassiz, or Burns.

But other days, — no noisy crowds amid;
Not by oration, speech, or song made known, —
Through the long year, Love in his heart has hid,
And keeps in secret orisons alone.

O daughter! whom thy parents' hearts have blest;
O sister! sunlight in thy happy home;
O wife! by tenderest, watchful love carest;
O mother! to whose lap such darlings come.

For those, let rockets flare along the sky,
Or cannon-thunders shake the crowded street;
For thee, sweet April flowers unclose their eye,
And swing, from perfumed cups, their incense sweet.

And let me, too, — for I must gladly say,
I to this precious circle half belong, —
Bring to my friend, on this memorial day,
These timid flowers, these modest strains of song.

Their soft buds hint at maiden petals folded;
Half-swollen blossoms tell of bridal bloom;
The full rose shows life ripened out and moulded
In rounded symmetry and rich perfume.

One other prayer lisp out these heralds vernal, —
Who die each day to spring anew from earth, —
That, passing on to higher worlds eternal,
Birthdays in heaven shall follow those of earth;

Birthdays to meet, but not again to sever;
Birthdays to gladness unalloyed with tears;
Birthdays where Hope has conquered Fear for ever,
And God's great love all lesser love endears.

GRAPES AND WILD GRAPES.

A FEW years since, one summer, staying near the sea-shore, while following a footpath through an extensive piece of woods, I came suddenly to a clearing in the middle of the forest, containing about half an acre of ground under high cultivation. A little cottage stood in the middle; and fruit-trees, laden with the best kinds of fruit, stood around. Some fine grape-vines, full of grapes, were carried along the side of the buildings and over large rocks. The owner of this little spot gave me some bunches of grapes; but they were all varieties of the wild vine. I felt a little disappointed that so much care and labor should be expended on the natural vine. As I passed out into the forest again, the words came into my mind: "I looked that it should bring forth grapes, and it brought forth wild grapes." I thought that I understood the passage better than I had done before. I thought I could see, in my own slight feeling of disappointment at finding only the natural grape, when I expected the cultivated and improved kind, some distant analogy of

God's disappointment in the low character of our goodness, the harshness of our virtue, the stiffness and moroseness of our piety, and the absence of the fine flavor of Christian love in our best obedience. "He looks for grapes, and we bring forth wild grapes."

It is not the wild vine's fault that it produces only wild grapes; for it cannot help itself or do differently. But we *can* bring forth the fruits of the spirit, and are therefore bound to do so. We *can* do so, because God has given us the means and power: he has done every thing for us to enable us to obey him. "What more *could* I do for my vineyard that I have not done for it?" says the Lord. "Wherefore, when I looked that it should bring forth grapes, brought it forth wild grapes?"

There are two kinds of goodness which we see in the world around us. There is the goodness of impulse and that of principle, the goodness of disposition and that of character. There is the goodness which has its source in our natural tendencies, our good nature, our good feeling; which is determined by circumstances, and secured by habit. Then there is the goodness which has its root in deep convictions; is animated by a faith which overcomes the world, conquers circumstances, rises above evil; and which is held firm by an anchor within the veil, by a hope full of immortality, by the sight of eternal truths and spiritual realities. The one kind of goodness is the wild grape; the other, the grape.

Now, if we look at the goodness of individuals or that of society; at ourselves or at others; at the world or at the church; at those who are called moral people, pious people, and Christian people, — what kind of fruits do we see, — the true fruit, or the wild fruit? It seems to me that most of it is the natural growth of the heart, under the influence of surrounding circumstances: very little of it

is the result of Christian principle. Our goodness, in other words, has no root in Christian convictions; does not deserve the name of practical Christianity; might have been nearly what it is, if Jesus had never lived, taught, or died. Of speculative and theoretical Christianity we have a great deal; but we have hardly commenced upon the *practice* of Christianity.

For example, there are two kinds of self-denial, — that of natural religion, and that taught by Christ. In all ages and lands, there have been men who denied and contended against their natural desires and passions from a sense of duty, or feeling of honor. Among Romans and Greeks, there has been a great deal of temperance and self-restraint. In Pagan religions, men endure most horrible sufferings to appease the supposed anger of their idol-deities. What is the difference in Christian self-denial? This is the character of it: it is UNIVERSAL, and it is ABSOLUTE.

"Whosoever," says Christ, "forsaketh not all that he hath, cannot be my disciple." The simple rule is, that we are to submit ourselves *in all things* to a divine law, and call nothing our own; but be the servants of God in all respects, and submit, constantly and cheerfully, every other desire to a sense of duty. Now, it seems to me that not much of this *fruit* is anywhere in our churches. We do not give up *all that we have* to Christ: we give up a little, that we may keep and use the rest. We do not give up *all our wealth* to Christ and his cause: we give a little for the support of religion, a little for charity, a little for missions; and then suppose that the rest is our own, to do with it what we please. We do not give up all *our time:* but a little to church-going, a little to reading and prayer and meditation, — the Sunday, or the morning half-hour; and so have the rest of the day and week to ourselves.

Nor do we give up our tastes, opinions, or prejudices, for the sake of Christ. With politicians, the success of the Republican ticket, the Union ticket, or the Democratic ticket, is a higher interest, at the time, than the success of truth and justice; and they either sacrifice truth and right for a temporary expediency, or they connive at their sacrifice. And so religious people, who profess to be engaged in religious action, often are, in fact, making their sect and their sectarian triumph the great object of their efforts. When their sect or party is in the wrong, and is opposing Christ, they will not confess it, for fear of injuring *the cause*, as they say; that is, they prefer the cause of their sect to the cause of Christ. Thus, in the matter of self-denial, we bring forth only *wild grapes*. We make compromises with conscience and with God. We do not rise to the high point of an absolute, thorough surrender of *all that we have* to him; and yet this is only what Christ demands, and without which, he says, *no one can be his disciple*.

ILLINOIS MISSIONS.

It is not quite six months since I received your order on the treasurer, for which I was to do missionary work; but I suppose it will not be unseasonable to report. . . .

As to the field of operation, and the work I am doing, I would report, that at Durand, about twenty miles from Rockford, I found a few Unitarians; and (as I believe I have already informed you) they organized themselves into a society, according to the plan proposed in the "Quarterly

Journal." I have visited and preached to them once in four weeks regularly; during the winter, in the evening; and, since the days became longer, at five o'clock, P.M. I have put in their possession a small library of about thirty or forty volumes of Unitarian books, and distributed tracts and periodicals among them.

I hope the service done there has been profitable. A very liberal Orthodox Congregationalist minister, living near, preaches in Durand half the time, in a very satisfactory manner.

One Sunday afternoon, I preached at Elton's Mills, about sixteen miles from Rockford, distributing tracts as usual on such occasions; but, though I was very cordially received, it did not seem to me so favorable a point for continued labor as some others.

At Cherry Valley, only about eight miles from Rockford, there is a Universalist society, composed in part of Unitarians from Massachusetts, which, in consequence of inability during the financial depression to support a minister, has been left destitute for some time.

They have a comfortable meeting-house: and the opportunity for usefulness in preaching to them seemed so favorable, that I have been for several weeks preaching there half the Sunday afternoons to good congregations; and there is a prospect of an arrangement for my preaching to them a portion of the time for a year, and of their rendering some compensation for the service. By an exchange with Rev. Mr. Hamilton (Universalist), I have been twice to Pecatonica and to Ridott, in Stephenson County, and found a good field for missionary work.

Last Sunday, I had a very agreeable experience of this kind; riding forty miles during the day, preaching three rather long sermons, and distributing a good number of the "Quarterly Journal," "Christian Inquirer," and "Sunday-

school Gazette," in my several congregations, and receiving from individuals the warmest expressions of interest in the views of Christian truth presented. The field seems white to the harvest; and I have an experience of the truth of our Master's words, "He that reapeth receiveth wages."

Very truly yours,

A. H. C.

HINDOO MISSION.

MR. DALL'S LETTERS.

Calcutta, May 3, 1860.

Dear Brother Clarke, — I must not despatch this letter without telling you something about our "out-stations" in the Far North and the Far South.

As to the North (or strictly North-*west*, a thousand or twelve hundred miles), a spirit of inquiry is certainly awakening there.

Capt. Mercer, the originator of the N. W. Unitarian Christian Association, has been boarding at the same house with me here in Calcutta for the last six or seven weeks; and I may say, that *his* view of our mission, duty, and our wonderfully rich opportunity of gospellizing India, is nearly identical with your own, as expressed in your last cheering letter to me. He is an incessant laborer himself, and almost literally talks with every man he meets on the subject of Unitarian truth. He walks late and early, and takes the hand of every man likely to be accessible to his message. He laments every day that Unitarians (N.B. — He was *nurtured* in the church of England) do not more magnify

their calling, and take a positive, and even *aggressive*, position, such as is theirs of right. Would that they might do so, and so move on to victory! The time is ripe for it, especially in India. During his present short stay in Calcutta, Capt. E. S. Mercer has printed several pamphlets and tracts (up to three thousand copies) of his own preparation, and wholly at his own charge. He is also about taking on himself the risk of a journey to England, and taking with him his excellent converts, — Abdool Musih and wife, — hoping that our English fellow-believers will show the same interest in *Abdool* that his American ones have in Joguth Chunder Gangooly.

I have letters, quite lately received, from newly stirred inquirers in the North-west, — men whom Capt. Mercer and Abdool chanced to meet on their way down to Calcutta from Peshawur; and so far interested, that they have promptly sent down for books and tracts, which I have as promptly posted for them, with letters.

These North-westerns write in the Perso-Arabic cipher, and I enclose one letter for your inspection. Capt. Mercer is a good Persian scholar, and has translated them for me. The one I send reads as follows: viz., —

"To his Excellency, the Place of Bounty, Strengthener of the Divine Unity, Expeller of the Trinity, Padrè Dall Sahib: May his pastorship continue! After respect and salutation, may it be represented, that when Brother Abdool Musih Sahib, along with his Excellency Capt. Mercer, arrived at Agra, they gave the humble individual two tracts, composed by themselves, to disprove the Trinity. They say they are Protestants; but as I am unacquainted with the English, therefore I am unfortunate in not fully comprehending the contents. Therefore, if the Presence (your Excellency) should have any other tracts or books of the same contents (viz., in refutation of the Trinity) in Persian, Arabic, Hindostanee, Oordoo, or 'Roman' [N.B. — Hindosta-

nee in English type], and should send them [N.B.—Capt. Mercer has been printing some in these tongues, Hindostanee, &c.], he would much oblige his humble servant; because I am very desirous of the truth, and of knowing the proofs advanced by other Unitarian sects; because, also, people greatly desirous of religion say, 'It is better to prove than to take upon trust' [N.B. —Arabic quotation]: and when my brother, Abdool Musih, shall have arrived in Calcutta, and been exalted with an interview, after giving him my salaam and salutations, he will, on your questioning him, explain this matter.

"I only seek an answer. Written on the 23d March, 1860. The petition of M. M., First Teacher of the Persian Class, —— College, ——."

The above letter came to me from ——. I have received another, in Oordoo, from Jullunder. I have also the addresses of several good men, Asiatics, who wish to be in correspondence with us at other cities in the Far Northwest.

Capt. Mercer feels almost as if the whole country was ripe for us. He may be over-hopeful; but he believes that a magnificent and gigantic change in religious matters is impending over this age and country: and blessed the man who is on the spot to greet and guide it.

To turn now to Madras. I have just received a letter from Mr. G. A. Regel, himself a school-teacher, and residing quite near the Roberts Chapel, and the only white man who, at the present time, attends there. At his request, I have sent him to-day forty additional "Sunday-school Gazettes," and a copy of the selected volume of Channing. He says, — and I have no ground whatever for a suspicion of interested motives, —

"I sincerely wish to devote my leisure moments, if possible, to mission duties, in assisting Brother Roberts till a European missionary is sent out from home. I trust you will have no

objections. If this proposal of mine suits your good-will, I think it will be of much good.

"The schools, if placed under my care, will be on a better footing; as Brother Roberts has too much to do, and cannot devote much time to them.

"I visited the school in Porasawalkum: thirty lads on the register; present, twenty-one boys and three girls. These were examined before me. Want of books is their teacher's complaint.

"I also examined the school in Royapettah, in Brother Roberts's premises; and the lads there are better taught.

"I have not called to see the other school in that locality. A European must be at the head of these schools, otherwise they will not flourish. There is no system of teaching, neither any order observed. The teacher's complaint is, that they are not (as others) renumerated monthly; and how can they work? The whole truth is this, they are not afraid of Brother Roberts, as he is too mild with them.

"The chapel sadly requires repairs; and divine service, either in Tamul or English, must be held every Lord's Day, morning and evening, as well as on a week-day evening. I would not care to undertake the English service. The scanty attendance must not be minded. 'Where two or three are gathered together,' you know.

"I wish the Unitarians every good, and therefore I seek their spiritual welfare.

"Samuel Roberts is to go to the university (school) shortly. He is a very sharp lad.

"Sunday last being Easter Day, the Lord's Supper was celebrated at the Unitarian Chapel. There were upwards of fifty communicants, and my dear wife attended chapel for the first time.

"Brother Roberts is *very* poor and down-hearted, and needs help.

"G. A. Regel."

P.S. — Dear Brother Clarke, — I add the following, with my indorsement, from the leading daily newspaper of Calcutta, — "The Englishman." It is of this morning's date, — Friday, 20th April: —

"The great battle of principles has now fairly begun in India. The tide of Saxon enterprise has set in. Science, civilization, and progress are struggling with superstition, ignorance, and the stereotyped apathy of ages. There is no evading the struggle: we must look only for the issue.

"We need not say that Mr. Wilson [N.B. — The Right Hon. James Wilson, lately sent out by the Parliament of England to reform the old and establish a new and sound *financial system* for India] is the champion on the side which has our heartfelt sympathy.

"Sir Charles Trevelyan's [Governor of Madras] 'minute' [charging Mr. Wilson with laying on 'tremendous' and 'needless' taxation] has saved us from the trouble of announcing who is the leader of the opposite ranks. The question at issue is one of vast moment. The scene is worthy of the actors. No one can read Mr. Wilson's speeches, or ponder on the matter they contain, without perceiving that every sentence undermines or lays prostrate doctrines which have hitherto been considered unassailable, if not sacred. Taking the form of a taxation or currency bill, it is, in fact, a great bill of radical reform. His theories strike at the very root of the old principles of Indian administration. It is brought against him, indeed, as a reproach, that he has introduced the most enlightened ideas of the most enlightened times, and applied them where they are unsuitable. His broad and comprehensive views of publicity, frankness of disclosure, freedom of discussion, encouragement to the English settler, the importance of public opinion, universality of taxation, — every one of these sound and healthy sentiments are, as all must feel, diametrically opposed to the principles on which the government of the late Company was conducted; and it is this thorough and uncompromising demolition of the old and time-honored dogmas of their creed which so startled and confounded the civilian members of council, that they had neither

intellect, nor presence of mind, to lift the finger or wag the tongue.

"Sir Charles Trevelyan has declared himself the champion of the things that were, and wages war *à l'outrance* with the great economist.

"We cannot say that the ruler of 'the benighted people' [i.e., of Madras] is not worthy of being heard. His undoubted ability and varied experience render him a doughty champion; and, were it not that his weapons are blunt and his armor rusty, we should regard with some apprehension his determined onslaught. As it is, we have no more doubt as to the issue of the combat, than when, as a child, we read for the hundredth time the fight between Apollyon and Christian. It will be our part to watch the combat, and chronicle the events of a controversy which all admit to be the most momentous that India has yet witnessed."

My dear Friend, — There would be little need of missions in India if the people were "mild" Hindoos, except with that spurious mildness which reminds one of Milton's "All wickedness is *weakness*," or if the people were as conscientious as they certainly are inquisitive. The Rev. Mr. Long, whose heart has been for years devoted to Bengal, said to me lately, "No man can understand the people of this country who has not been *apprenticed* to the study of them. Hence the great danger of India's being ruled from London, and by the Queen's government there." He (Mr. Long) thinks that even Mr. Wilson's schemes of beneficent taxation, which are just being started here, will prove impracticable; and if you ask *why*, and ask again if human nature be not human nature everywhere, I reply, Yes: but humanity is only in the cradle or dame-school yet; and God's Asiatic children are showing in their childhood (or, at most, boyhood) a commencement of growth very, *very* far diverse from us Western boys; *always* premising

that there are occasional and most hopeful *exceptions* to the general absence of practical conscientiousness in Asia hereabout. They *admire* right, however, and *pity* it, and *may* all *embrace* it some day.

Let me copy for you the following words (with my own sad yet compelled assent) from the last issue of the "Calcutta Review," as quoted in this morning's "Englishman." The editor says, —

"We conclude with the following graphic sketch of native character, by one whose article leaves no doubt of his accuracy of observation and of his real honesty of purpose: —

"The degradation of the people is such as would, in a measure, neutralize the wisest laws. Till the standard of morals be raised, no great reform in the administration of justice will ever be effected. Among a bold and generous peasantry, such a state of things as that which has now been passed in review could not last a day. But Hindoos have no public spirit, no sympathy, no burning indignations against the wrongs done to their neighbors; nor will they make the smallest sacrifice which might help to redress them. As far as the interests of others are concerned, their better feelings appear to be dead. [Remember, there are beautiful exceptions.]

"They can see their fellow-creatures stricken with sorrow and ground to the dust by oppression, and be as unmoved as stones. Compassion and real tenderness to the poor, the sick, and the dying [except as based on superstition, I say], are seldom exhibited. Objects of misery, stretched in dilapidated hovels, or perishing on the banks of rivers or along highroads in the last agonies of dissolution, and dying for want of care and nourishment, are passed by with profound apathy. To stop to perform the kind offices of humanity is a thought which [as a *general* rule, I say] never enters their minds. Love to persons not of their own family or caste is an affection to which they are strangers, and which they would probably despise were they capable of understanding it. Envious of the prosperity of others, they use their utmost endeavors to injure

them; and, for the accomplishment of this purpose, resort to cunning, defamation, forgery, and perjury, — weapons which few men, of any age or country, have wielded with equal skill and cruelty. A truthful and honest person, straightforward and conscientious in his dealings, correct in both word and deed, if not an unknown, is a rare character. Hence distrust, hatred, and malice are everywhere busily at work gnawing the vitals of society."

See here the Hindoo's need of the gospel and life of Jesus. I feel a pity for them such as I feel for the miserable drunkard, or for the starving little New Yorkers. God pity us, and help us to live and die for them!

C. H. Dall.

SHALL THE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL BE SEPARATED FROM HARVARD UNIVERSITY?

The remarks of Dr. Bellows at the Alumni dinner, concerning this subject, were singularly pertinent and very important. We are glad that he took the occasion of so many of the graduates of Harvard being present to appeal to them against the proposed mutilation of the University, by the cutting-off of its principal faculty, — that of theological science. We should prefer to see the chairs in theology occupied by Trinitarians or by Roman Catholics, than to see our ancient University without a corps of theological professors. What sort of a University would it be, with no theological department! Much better to do as Dr. Bellows suggests, — have *more* of theology, and not less. Invite every sect that will to found a theological chair, and let them fill the chair with one of their own number.

Let the Episcopalians, Methodists, Baptists, Swedenborgians, Universalists, and any other denomination that will, send one of their best men to Cambridge: then it might be possible for a theological student to hear both sides of a question. What numbers of ingenuous, truth-loving young men would be attracted to a school founded on such a liberal principle!

We know very well that loud complaints have been made because the Divinity School at Cambridge is in the hands of the Unitarians; but the true answer to make to such complaints is, that the professors in the theological school *are* Unitarians because these professorships were founded and endowed by Unitarians.

We know that many of the best friends of this School and of the University have desired that the connection between them should be severed, and that a theological course, as a department of university study, should be discontinued. But we cannot regard this plan as a wise one. Distant be the day in which the oldest and first University of the country shall be thus mutilated of its most important arm in order to escape a temporary danger! To avoid such danger by retiring is not good: safer to meet it by advancing. It is not good to alter a plan arranged for centuries, to suit the expediency of a passing hour. It is made an objection to the University, that its theological department is in the hands of Unitarians, — a small and unpopular sect. We grant the objection to be real. To transfer it to any other sect would be equally objectionable; since the largest is small, compared with the united force of all the others: and therefore it is thought best to have it in the hands of none, and to reach this end by not having any theological department in the University. But there is this other and better way of attaining the same end, suggested by Dr. Bellows. Let it be in the

hands of ALL the leading denominations of the Commonwealth. Let the corporation say to the different Christian denominations of Massachusetts, — Roman-Catholic, Episcopalian, Congregational, Methodist, Baptist, Universalist, — "Gentlemen, the teachers of theology in our Divinity School are now Unitarian because the Unitarians alone have endowed these professorships. Whenever any of you see fit to endow a theological chair, we will immediately appoint a gentleman of your denomination to fill it. The theological students may then hear, from able and candid advocates, a fair statement of both sides of every disputed question; and there ought not to be any fear that truth will suffer in consequence."

By such an arrangement, a great number of theological students would probably be attracted to the University; and a much deeper study, a higher culture, and a broader liberality, might well be looked for as the result. This would be meeting the difficulty, not by going backward, but by advancing.

We should not apprehend any serious practical difficulty in such an arrangement. It has been suggested that professors of different sects would spend their time in attacking each other. But this they do already. They would be much less likely to attack in controversy gentlemen whom they knew, and saw every day, than if they only knew them as distant embodiments of the opinions they disliked.

Let us see if the Corporation has the wisdom to give a fair consideration to the plan suggested by Dr. Bellows.

LETTER FROM A DISTANT UNITARIAN TO HER PASTOR.

My dear Friend, — For the past six months, I have listened to more Calvinistic preaching than for twice the number of years, I think. The effect has been to lead me to a more careful examination of Unitarian views; which has resulted in confirming me more strongly than ever in their truth. The earnestness of Calvinists I like, and wish some of our ministers had more of it. But when they come to the vicarious atonement, *as they state it*, — the *underived* divinity of Christ, &c., — I never could follow.

It is somewhat singular, but true, that Calvinism and various doctrines — even to Catholicism — have been preached to me in private, by hours, by friends who wished to influence me; while Unitarianism was never presented to me in this way. Your preaching from the pulpit was solely instrumental, so far as human means were concerned, in teaching me Unitarianism, and convincing me of its truth.

For several months, the ministers who have been preaching here have staid at my brother's house. I go regularly to hear them preach, with the fair understanding that I *don't believe a word* of their peculiar views. Most of them have been quite intelligent and spiritual; and, as they don't often do other than give *practical* sermons, I have rather enjoyed them. To me, they appear more liberal than their sect in former years; but still they retain too much of the feeling, that a certain belief is alone saving.

I astonished one of these young divines, one evening, — as he was using his eloquence to bring me over to thinking as he did upon vicarious atonement, — by telling him that

I believed just as fully in the atonement as he did; that it was as real and precious to me: the only difference seemed to be, that he was determined to explain the *how;* which I did not think anybody wholly knew, or ever would know, in this world: that, to me, it seemed enough if we had faith that through Christ a perfect salvation was insured to all who accepted the terms, without trying to know precisely in what way we were saved. That a heretic should confront him with the accusation that he explained too much, — made too little mystery, — seemed a thing he had never dreamed of.

The same gentleman preached a sermon upon the Immutability of Christ, — commencing by the remark, that immutability was a *divine* attribute; and, from this, argued the *underived* divinity of Christ. After meeting, I told him that this was the most objectionable sermon I had heard from him — or, indeed, from any one — for a long time. He replied, "I think the argument was good: don't you?" "Oh, yes!" I said: "the argument was good enough, if you had had any ground to argue from." This was all pleasantly taken. I am very well acquainted with the young man, and am not afraid of being candid.

Very truly your friend.

ECCLESIASTICAL RECORD,

FROM JUNE TO JULY.

REV. S. R. CALTHORP, of Bridgeport, Conn., was ordained as pastor of the Second Congregational Society in Marblehead, June 5. Introductory prayer by Rev. Benjamin Huntoon, of Marblehead; selections from the Scriptures, by Rev. C. C. Shackford, of Lynn; sermon, by Rev. James Freeman Clarke,

of Boston; ordaining prayer, by Dr. Briggs, of Salem; charge to the pastor, by Dr. Stebbins, of Woburn; right hand of fellowship, by Rev. Edmund B. Willson, of Salem; address to the people, by Dr. Thompson, of Roxbury; concluding prayer, by Rev. Edwin M. Wheelock, of Dover, N.H.

Mr. James C. Parsons was ordained as pastor of the Independent Congregational Society at Waltham, June 6. Introductory prayer, by Rev. E. J. Young, of Newton Corner; selections from the Scriptures, by Rev. A. B. Fuller, of Watertown; sermon, by Rev. C. A. Bartol, of Boston; ordaining prayer, by Dr. Francis, of Cambridge; charge to the pastor, by Dr. Ellis, of Charlestown; right hand of fellowship, by Rev. G. Hepworth, of Boston; address to the people, by Rev. J. F. W. Ware, of Cambridgeport; concluding prayer, by Rev. S. A. Smith, of West Cambridge.

Parting services for Joguth Chunder Gangooly, the Christian Brahmin, were held in Rev. E. E. Hale's church on Sunday evening, June 10. Introductory prayer, by Rev. James Thurston, in whose family Mr. Gangooly at one time resided; prayer of dedication to the work of a Christian teacher, by Rev. Solon N. Bush, with whom also Mr. Gangooly resided; reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. James Freeman Clarke, Secretary of A. U. A.; address on India and India missions, by Dr. Ellis, of Charlestown; address to Gangooly, by Rev. S. H. Winkley; farewell remarks, by Mr. Gangooly.

Rev. I. M. Windsor, of Brooklyn, has, for the present, the charge of the church in Charleston, S.C.

Mr. J. F. Lovering, of Boston, has been invited to the pastorate of the Twelfth Congregational Society, as colleague with Dr. Barrett.

The corner-stone of the new church and vestry of Dr. Gannett's society, at the corner of Arlington and Boylston Streets, was laid with appropriate services, May 28.

PACKAGES OF TRACTS.

In order to promote the circulation of our Tracts, we have made packages of three kinds, each kind containing fifty tracts.

Package 1 contains fifty tracts, *illustrating and defending Christian Doctrine,* by Rev. Drs. Barrett, Dewey, Francis, Gilman, Palfrey, Carpenter, Ware, Walker, Channing, Peabody, Bellows, Gannett, Huntington, Miles, and Elliot.

Package 2 contains fifty tracts on the *Deity of Christ, Trinity and Unity, Depravity, Atonement, Reconciliation, Retribution, the Church,* &c., by Henry Ware, jun., Sewall, Lamson, Dewey, Walker, Channing, George Putnam, George Ripley, William Ware, George R. Noyes, Ephraim Peabody, A. P. Peabody, Bulfinch, Burnap, R. P. Stebbins, F. A. Farley, George E. Ellis, John Cordner, J. W. Thompson, Cazneau Palfrey, Bernard Whitman, C. W. Upham, &c.

Package 3 contain fifty tracts, *suitable for Sunday Reading,* on *Religious and Moral Subjects,* by Rev. Drs. Dewey, Walker, Greenwood, Chandler Robbins, A. P. Peabody, H. Ware, jun., F. H. Hedge, George E. Ellis, Samuel Osgood, F. A. Farley, George R. Noyes, and George W. Briggs; and by Samuel J. May, Caleb Stetson, R. C. Waterston, John Locke, T. B. Fox, C. T. Brooks, Augustus Woodbury, William R. Alger, Nathaniel Hall, A. A. Livermore, and Ed. H. Sears, &c.

Each package, containing fifty tracts, is sold at the merely nominal price of fifty cents. It is hoped that these packages will be ordered by our friends in all parts of the country. The postage on each package is fifty cents. By sending a dollar, a package will be sent, *post-paid.*

BOOKS RECEIVED

Since our last Notice.

Autobiographical Recollections, by the late Charles Robert Leslie. By Tom Taylor, Esq. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

An entertaining book, containing anecdotes and reminiscences of such men as Cooke, Allston, Coleridge, Fuseli, Westmacott, Charles and Mary Lamb, West, Washington Irving, Walter Scott, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Flaxman, Lawrence, Canova, Chantrey, Wilkie, Mrs. Coutts, Lord Holland, Lord Egremont, Sydney Smith, Constable, Samuel Rogers, Stuart, Newton, Stothard, Sir George Beaumont, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Melbourne, Etty, Eastlake, Turner, John Howard Payne, Haydon, and Charles Matthews.

Memorials of Thomas Hood. In two volumes. Ticknor & Fields.

Something about this book hereafter.

Hase's Life of Jesus.

Since the article in our May number upon Hase's "Life of Jesus" was written, there has appeared an editorial in the "Independent," which seems to approve of the opinion expressed of this book in the "Religious Magazine," and to indorse the notion, that a gratuitous injury has been done to Christianity by its being translated. We have noticed a great difference of opinion on this point between different authorities; some thinking the book, on the whole, very much wanted, and others not. We now see the same opposition of opinion in the same journal; one writer in the "Independent" thinking it a necessary book for scholars, and another regarding its translation as an injury to Christianity. When doctors disagree thus with each other and with themselves, it is, perhaps, better for each one to read and judge independently.

Travels and Researches in Eastern Africa. By Rev. J. Lewis Krapf. Ticknor & Fields.

Discourses. By Rev. THOMAS L. HARRIS. Preached in England. New York: New-Church Publishing Association.

Truth and Life in Jesus. Sermons. By Rev. THOMAS L. HARRIS. Preached in Manchester. New York: New-Church Publishing Association. 1860.

To be noticed.

The Unitarian Church-Case in Cincinnati. Remarks of R. M. Corwine, and Opinion of Judge Collins. Cincinnati.

"Dare any of you, having a matter against another, go to law before the unjust, and not before the saints? Is it so, that there is not a wise man among you? no, not one that shall be able to judge between his brethren? But brother goeth to law with brother, and that before the unbelievers. Now, therefore, there is utterly a fault among you, because ye go to law one with another. Why do ye not rather take wrong? why do ye not rather suffer yourselves to be defrauded? Nay, ye do wrong, and defraud, and that your brethren."

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

1860.				
June	25.	From Rev. Dr. Newell's Society, Cambridge, for Monthly Journals		$40.00
„	„	„	Society in Pembroke, for Monthly Journals, additional	2.00
„	30.	„	scattered subscribers to Monthly Journal in June	61.92
July	3.	„	Rev. John Cordner, for books sold in Montreal	20.24
„	„	„	Mr. John R. Howard, to balance account	2.40
„	6.	„	a Lady in Roxbury, for India Mission	1.00
„	9.	„	Rev. S. Farrington's Society, Concord, N.H., as a donation	27.48
„	10.	„	a friend in the Mason-street Church, Brunswick, Me., as a donation	5.00
„	16.	„	J. K. Smith, Esq., Dublin, N.H., as fifth payment on life-membership	5.00
„	19.	„	Society in Westford, for Monthly Journals	11.46

CANDIDATES FOR SETTLEMENT.

This list will be corrected monthly. Brethren desiring their names entered, or address changed, will please indicate the same to the Secretary of the A. U. A.

The * affixed to the word "Boston" indicates the address, — "Care of American Unitarian Association, Boston."

Preachers.	Address.
William G. Babcock	Cambridgeport.
Geo. Bradburn	Athol.
Caleb Davis Bradlee	35, Hollis Street, Boston.
Gilbert Cummings.	830, Washington Street, Boston.
C. A. Cutter	Cambridge.
F. L. Capen.	Care of Barnard Capen, Esq., Boston.
William Cushing	Clinton.
T. P. Doggett	Bedford.
Benjamin Huntoon	Marblehead.
William H. Knapp	Boston.*
Thomas S. Lathrop	Boston.*
Francis Le Baron	Worcester.
Henry L. Myrick	West Cambridge.
George Osgood	Montague.
D. C. M. Potter	Mattapoisett.
J. Mills Peirce	Cambridge.
Thomas H. Pons	Boston.*
James Richardson	Boston.*
Charles Robinson	Groton.
Ed. G. Russell	Cambridge.
A. S. Ryder	Hubbardston.
John Savary	Cambridge.
William H. Savary	Cambridge.
Edward Stone	Framingham.
Henry Stone	
E. Vitalis Scherb	Boston.*
George W. Stacy	Milford.
Loammi G. Ware	Boston.*
John D. Wells	Cambridge.
Daniel S. Whitney	Southborough.
George A. Williams	Deerfield.
Samuel D. Worden	Lowell.
William C. Wyman	Brooklyn, N.Y.